Oh! wide and wild are the waves that part!
Our steps from its greenness now,
And we miss the jor of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow.
For steps o'er many a stately bark.
Have the whelming billows rolled,
That steered with us from that early mark—
Oth, friends ' sie are growing old!

31年27 。 ET 中华人 "公约是 Y 2 分 1 字" 安美有不开节 "共享的第三人称单位。 小学 Burlington In Irre Press.



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| The content will be content with the content will be content wit

At the king's gate the subtle noon Wove flary yellow nets of sun, Caught in the drowsy snare too soon The guards slept one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned then, A beggar went, and laughed, "This brings Me chance, at last, to see if men Fare better, being kings." The king sat bowed beneath his crown Propping his face with listless hand; Watching the hour-glass sifting down Too slow its shining sand.

Coronation